THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, SENNET PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS OF THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1850. WHOLE NO. 1522.

Choice Poetry.

LIFE.

A BRIEF HISTORY IN THREE PARTS.
WITH A SEQUEL.
To a Friend on his Wedding Day.

PART I. LOVE.

A glance—a thought—a blow—
It sings him to the core.
A question—will I lay him low?
Or will time bend it o'er?

He kindles at her name—
He robs and thinks apart;
Time blows the spark into a flame,
Passion rules his heart.

He notes it, though it burns,
And screens it with care;
He feels its essence rise by turns,
With hope, and with despair!

PART II. COURTSHIP.

Sonnets and serenades—
Rides, glances, tears and vows—
Gifts, tokens, entertainments, parties,
Smiles, confessions and bows!

A purpose, and a project—
The stars are in the ascendant—
He wonders how on't hope should dare
To link with such a star!

Still hope alcoves and listens,
And doubt and caution lose heed,
And so with passion—in terror,
The trembling note is read.

Approval and kindness—
Half tender—assisted eyes—
Each lends to the other confusion
Each a wide and warm a prize.

PART III. MARRIAGE.

A gathering of fond friends—
Feasts, music, dance and prayer—
A coming to the digest ends,
An end to hard days ahead.

Sweet cakes—sweet wine—sweet kisses—
And to the bride's door
And now, for all life's woes and blisses,
The wedded twain are one!

And down the shining stream
They launch their boat and sail.
Fair blow the airs! may true stars beam!
But, ah! both rocks and shoals lie!

PART IV. THE SEQUEL—IF IT

If breath be but breath in time,
If need be well controlled,
If hope be—if reason be true,
And not crime, if passion be—

If reason always rules the heart,
If passion be not always leading,
If love be forever the object
The sun is shining for,

And oh! if faith sublime and true,
The spirit crowned guide—
Then blest, indeed, is the wedded pair
To be dangerous and the bride.

Original Novelet.

SHANNONDALE;
OR,
THE NUN OF MOUNT CARMEL.
(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, THE AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "RETRIBUTION," &c.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXI.

COLONEL DANGERFIELD.

He takes the hand I give not—nor withdraw—
In pains not struck from out genuine fervency cold,
And gets unmerited—counter unrecognized—
And oft when genuine—but not in the right time—
Or, lend it as the heart's vessel to bear,
Both from one—perhaps another—heart.
Byron.

Colonel Dangerfield entered the parlor, bowing with his usual grace and elegant courtesy. Mrs. Summerfield arose, curtsied, and indicated a seat. Imogene neither glanced nor curtsied; but Colonel Dangerfield took the chair on the other side of the fire-place to that where Imogene was seated, and immediately entered into conversation with Mrs. Summerfield, who was seated between them. Colonel Dangerfield was a gentleman whose style he considered his duty violated, if he failed on coming to take a seat by the side of the lady whom was Mrs. Summerfield; a lady who thought politeness not ingrained, by remaining in the room during the visit of a neighbor's second friend. Indeed, all this party seemed to stand from anything very pronounced. Even when it said Mrs. Summerfield was summoned from the room by her housekeeper, that Colonel Dangerfield entered Imogene's hand, led her to a distant sofa, seated her, and closed before her with folded arms and severe brow. There was nothing here—like to any aspect. Imogene's hands lay folded one over the other upon her lap, and her eyes cast down, seemed fixed upon them. He stood there contemplating her for a minute, and then said,

"Imogene Summerfield! what is the relation supposed to be subsisting between us at this moment?"

She was silent; a sigh or sob fluttered, struggled in her bosom, but did not escape.

"Did you hear my question, Miss Summerfield?"

"I heard it."

"Will it please you to reply?"

"I do not believe I can with one—I do not—not to forget it!" replied she, without raising her eyes.

"In what light do you consider this engagement, Imogene? Will you be so good as to look me in the face, Summerfield, when replying to my question?"

Imogene's brow flushed as she raised her eyes, with their slow, returning light, slowly to his face, and then those lids were drawn down as the fallen glance fell before their calm, pursuing gaze.

"I inquired, Miss Summerfield, in what light you were pleased to look on our betrothal?"

"I had it to be sacred, Colonel Dangerfield! as I shall be so on my oath!" answered Imogene, in a tone so grave and firm, with a sigh, steadily kept, but so profound, that Colonel Dangerfield frowning darkly, said,

"Do not, Miss Summerfield, with the air of a martyr. I pray you, wave your inclinations influences in the least in this matter."

"They were influenced, Dangerfield! We were betrothed, you know, when I was an infant of five years of age, and you, a boy of ten. Then it was early taught, along with the Catechism of the Council of Trent, the Lord's Prayer, the Apostle's Creed, and the Ten Commandments, I here and reverence to you, as my guardian, wiser, more enlightened and more accomplished than myself, and above all, as one who was destined to be my husband. I had no brother or sister, and except Winny, who lived at a distance from me, no cousin! and I thought only of you."

"Yet I was absent at the university?"

"But present with my thoughts always."

"Well! and then—"

"And then came the seven years of the revolution! and I, child as I was, had my whole soul fired with love of country and of liberty—yes! and admiration of the boy-hero who, at sixteen years of age, threw down his books and seized his musket, and who, at twenty-four, returned, illustrious with military glory, and with the rank he bore now!" replied Imogene, with the overtaking of enthusiasm kindling her pale cheek.

"And she," said Colonel Dangerfield, bitterly, "whom that boy—who in his fond heart, and in every subsequent fact—in all the trials, perplexities, and dangers of his campaigns—he fought not in cold—in vigil and in illness—in battle and in toil—lovingly and ever hoped—one small girl—a calm, proud, imperative little princess!—rather whom high heart he thought to win and wear—never knew! when that boy came and he lay in a hostile—few or many—at the foot of the standard—how did she come to be? You see silent, Imogene! shall I answer? She met him in the full pride of life and love—and on check and brow glad when, in his own proper name and person, he offered to renew his betrothal—for did she not love him for—"

"With pride and joy! With pride and joy, Dangerfield! to be a boy's chosen wife but with the love of a sister, Dangerfield! Alas! alas! I always loved you!"

"What wild words are these, Miss Summerfield! You deny no difference! Do you deem a difference I forget?—that I forget?—that a sorrow lasts—"

Imogene had dropped her face within her open palms, and remained silent.

"Those last three or four days!—for bright, too glorious to last! Oh! we might have known then for a phantasmagoria an illusion! a bright vision—vanished! We parted, Imogene—for a peace three years at school, for you were but fifteen, I in my early manhood, left directly for the war, to occupy the time of your absence with constructing that estate you so graciously did recognize. The three years are passed. The last time for the consummation of our marriage vow! Miss Summerfield! I clearly and promptly, and now you ask—and a delay. I accede. But if I break your heart [Imogene looked up with a rising in her cheek, a kindling in her eye, and a smile of scorn] I will not be responsible! No, Imogene—you have pass

Miscellaneous.

GEN. JACKSON AND DAN'L WEBSTER.

A REMINISCENCE.

In Mr. Charles H. Lanman's new volume entitled "Reminiscences of Congress," we find the following sketch of a confidential understanding that existed in Philadelphia between Gen. Jackson and Mr. Webster. It will be interesting to the friends of both parties:

"General Jackson took an early opportunity to express in person to Mr. Webster, his sincere gratitude for the eminent assistance rendered by that gentleman in such a perilous moment, to his reminiscences and Mr. Livingston, the Secretary of State, repeatedly, and in warm terms, made his own acknowledgments handed. In truth, it was conceded everywhere that, but for the efforts of Mr. Webster, and of the friends who rallied under him, the administration would have fallen into a powerless and pitiable condition; an object of opprobrium to its friends, and of safe insult to its foes.

"A community of sentiment and action, in this fearful crisis of our national history, brought General Jackson and Mr. Webster into stricter intimacy, social and political, than had previously ever subsisted between them. Some of the General's friends hoped, and some feared, a closer official relationship. In May of this year, Mr. Webster conveyed West; returning in June, he met Mr. Livingston in New York, then proposing to depart on his mission to France. It was understood at this time, in private and confidential circles, that honors leaving Washington, Mr. Livingston had had frequent and warm conversations with General Jackson in relation to Mr. Webster's position; and that he had pressed upon him the absolute necessity of securing Mr. Webster's continued support of his administration. To his suggestions General Jackson gave a favorable and acquiescent, and authorized Mr. Livingston to say to Mr. Webster as much on the subject. These conversations and their result, Mr. Livingston, in his interview with him in New York, communicated to Mr. Webster. That a seat in the cabinet was at the same time proposed to Mr. Webster, on the part of the President, though the same medium of communication, was a belief warmly entertained by some of the nearest friends of both parties. One fact it is allowable to mention as indicating character, a political and personal friend of General Jackson, brought Mr. Webster a list of the intended nominees to office in the Boston Custom-House, and asked him to erase therefrom the names of any personally objectionable to him. The Mr. Webster declined to do, not wishing to place himself under any obligations to the new administration, that might qualify the freedom of his action, either in support or refutation of its measures.

"On many points of what was then the proposed policy of the administration, there was a marked difference of opinion between these two eminent men; in our foreign policy, particularly, they almost entirely concurred; but there was a radical and fatal difference on the great question of the currency. The measures General Jackson thought it necessary to take to preserve pecuniary ties to the country from the disastrous operations of the United States Bank, did not meet Mr. Webster's concurrence. Indeed, the removal of the government deposits from the institution, however justifiable on the ground of expediency or even necessity, was a measure of such formidable energy, as to confound some of the General's longest tried and most trusted supporters. It encountered Mr. Webster's opposition, and even consternation. And the honest difference of opinion, in regard to a matter of temporary importance, prevented the union of the two master spirits of the age, and blasted the patriotic hopes of the country."

THE PEACE CONGRESS.

FROM PUNCH.

How the world would stagnate, were it not for the follies of the fair brained and enthusiastic! Happily, they now and then make the sides of the grave and wise to shake with wholesome laughter; even though the aforesaid gravity and wisdom quick subside into compassion—pensioner pity of the virgines. How many laughable mistakes engender the end of a speculative folly! There was one Hervey, who awarded a discovery of the circulation of the blood. As the world laughed, the said Hervey smiled; as finally—for his outrageous nonsense—punished him by ripening him at his practice.

There was one Jenner, who, having speculated upon the lunacy of certain dairy-maids, declared that the cow-pox taught vaccine, and declared that in the cow he had found a remedy for small-pox. And the world sneered; and the wags were especially cruel—tantalizing, in their excess of waggery, the growth of cow's horns from the heads of vaccinated babies.

When it was declared that our streets should be illuminated by purified coal gas—the gas to flow under our feet—the world laughed; and then, shrouded in its accustomed, steady sustained that some night, London, one and all, would be blown up. Women, the gas man, we built a more tremendous fog Famine.

When Napoleon was examining by the post extraordinary eager upon a railway project by which despatches people were to travel at the rate of say, fifteen miles an hour, the Quiz very fiercely laughed, a monster laugh, asking, with biting sneer,—"Would not then as soon be shot out of a gun, as travel by such machine?"

And when, last week, the Peace Congress met in Frankfort, and the wise ones thought to open thinkering peculiarities—the simple soon at home, and read: "They shall not learn war any more;" and they say (response!) and tiger Hayne listened to them, and was not there and then changed to a lamb: rather was a single piece of cannon turned, by the eloquence of the talkers, into honey.

The wise world has laughed at the circulation of the blood; gas—at the congress—and at wars. Why should not the world laugh every time some one gets at the promises of peace? Why should not admiration exalt an accepting principle; be quiet as substance could prove plain? as vaccination? If Jenner was a fool, why should not the fame—the spirited of peace—be pronounced a mere useless gnome?

Meanwhile, and only a few hours since the departure of the Peace Congress from Frankfort, England and France are fast together by the electric wire, and the lightning carries messages between the nations—for which the Queen and the electric wire runs from Dover to Cape Grisnez! What a line of comment on the laughter!

Participation or No Science.—We find in a letter from an eminent physician of Connecticut, who has recently made the voyage to Europe, some observations upon the prohibitory and good effects of sea sickness, which are new to us and may be to many others. He says that in cases of protracted indisposition, arising from a misdirection of the liver, sea sickness produces wonders. The fact is well known to the profession at the annual dining house of Messrs. Smith, and hence those greatly enfeebled by impaired digestion, without the advice of a physician, persuaded by their family members of the value of a trip to the Grand Banks, of a week or two's duration, often undertake such a voyage and are quickly restored by it to vigorous health. Acute inflammation is most unanimously relieved by the first approach of nausea at sea. He assured us the voyage that "persons with internal vomit less affected than others. Those having tight complexions, with light hair, were the first to suffer, and by the time they got again took their places at table, although more occasionally exceeding a table or leaving the bottles in the morning. Both gentlemen and ladies at each completion, appeared never to be visibly escaped from a disagreeable state of the stomach. Some of this latter class scarcely realized the time during the voyage. Small ones quite deranged new sickness, if they be any, and will respect to coming sickness, they were exempt from any symptoms of it."

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Rev. Dr. Hawks.—This eminent Christian has accepted the call of the congregation of Calvary church, in New York, at a salary of $6,000 a year, to which is added a house sufficient to settle his cares.

The Cultivation of South Carolina.—Mr. Janius Smith, whose efforts to cultivate the vine in South Carolina are well known, writes to the New York Journal of Commerce, under date of the 5th instant, as follows:

I am happy to inform you that the Ten Nuts received from China in May, and planted on the 5th of June, upon my plantation here, are now twenty of them, from one to three inches in height—strong, healthy, beautiful plants from the Celestial China seed, germinating so as to list themselves above ground in less than three months! Upon the time of planting the nut. Anybody can see those plants and the seed bed in which they were planted and are now growing. On any mess of common sense with this fact before them, that the tea plant will be produced in this country as well as in China? No one can deny the fact that the no plant imported from China will make itself agreeable in this climate, and grow with great luxuriance. There they stand—those imported and planted in 1848, and those from China planted the first week of June last, both in a thriving, healthy, growing condition. Although the plants last imported—all of the first quality of the genuine species—were of equal size when planted in June in one inch soil, contiguous, having the same soil, atmosphere, and cultivation, yet it is a conclusion and remarkable fact, and difficult to account for, that the growth in every instance where I have one plant, and only one, those times the plant has grown to a height of from two to four Queen plant. It cannot escape the notice of any novice of common observation. Others are of various growth, from very small plants to those of middling size, &c.

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Yours, &c., JUNIUS SMITH.

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"Put fresh cucumbers, as soon as picked from the vine, into weak brine before boiling hot, and let them remain twenty-four hours. Then take them be taken out, put into the vessel in which they are to be kept, and cover them, boiling hot, pour upon them sufficient to cover them. In three days' time the pickle will be fit for use. Pickles thus made will be fine and crisp, and keep through all time, and preserve all the freshness of the first picking. Cucumbers may be put from to the vinegar. After standing seven days, the scum will rise and never fail upon the vinegar. When this takes place, the vinegar should immediately be taken out and scalded; and when cold poured on the pickles, repeating again in the pickles. This should be repeated until the succeeding day, and the succeeding day the vinegar becomes pure. The advantages of this method of pickling cucumbers, over many others, is, that it gives to the pickles a most agreeable flavor, and at the same time preserves them in a state of healthy state as long as the vinegar is kept pure."

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In what you wish to keep it cool,
Love and Time, with a spice of you, fools ever
Upon a fool.

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Were, reader, to be clever knave,
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"There is a man in Schenectady so mean, that he bottles up his scant milk and sells it to his neighbors for sour milk."

Some old gentleman who loves to talk of the days of his youth, and who, by the subject of marriage, says, a quarter back is good as a half-dollar.

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Fashionable Intelligence.—Miss Fanny Fern is a letter from an eminent physician of Connecticut, who has recently made the voyage to Europe, some observations upon the prohibitory and good effects of sea sickness, which are new to us and may be to many others. He says that in cases of protracted indisposition, arising from a misdirection of the liver, sea sickness produces wonders. The fact is well known to the profession at the annual dining house of Messrs. Smith, and hence those greatly enfeebled by impaired digestion, without the advice of a physician, persuaded by their family members of the value of a trip to the Grand Banks, of a week or two's duration, often undertake such a voyage and are quickly restored by it to vigorous health. Acute inflammation is most unanimously relieved by the first approach of nausea at sea. He assured us the voyage that "persons with internal vomit less affected than others. Those having tight complexions, with light hair, were the first to suffer, and by the time they got again took their places at table, although more occasionally exceeding a table or leaving the bottles in the morning. Both gentlemen and ladies at each completion, appeared never to be visibly escaped from a disagreeable state of the stomach. Some of this latter class scarcely realized the time during the voyage. Small ones quite deranged new sickness, if they be any, and will respect to coming sickness, they were exempt from any symptoms of it."

Imaginary Executive.—Leigh Hunt, in his fascinating autobiography, states that he never got through the first conversation of when he was and does not know it yet, though he is now nearly three years of age, and one of the most popular fathers in Christendom. Hunt also made another remarkable fact, which is that the narrowness of the Bastile was not the invention of the Royal Academy, and been so easily neglected that, at the result of the hour to a pocket, to exactly know how to read!

"I like Gen. Taylor well enough," replied an old lady, "but detest to see him drink coffee at tea!" I understand to explain that the high price of her favorite beverage was owing to its earthquake, which about the house from the times before they were ripe "Ha," and the old lady. "that's the way with you Whigs—every thing you do that's mean, you lay to on the land!"

Rev. Dr. Hawks.—This eminent Christian has accepted the call of the congregation of Calvary church, in New York, at a salary of $6,000 a year, to which is added a house sufficient to settle his cares.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1848.

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TERMS, &c.

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We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will not discontinue our paper before the close of the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will call the attention of some other influential and responsible person who will be disposed to do so. It must be remembered that the postage is just the same on a first class paper as on the smallest and poorest of the sheets.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ The essay on Cities received some time back, we had intended to publish, but have mislaid it, and as we have not been able to find it, we would be obliged to any person who has it to send it to us. We do not wish to publish communications that we cannot find room for, and we do not wish to be under the necessity of writing letters for the purpose of returning communications.

☞ Agnostic. We are sorry we cannot confer with you on the subject you name.

☞ Amicus. We are sorry we cannot confer with you on the subject you name.

JENNY LIND.

Jenny has now had five concerts in New York—positively averaging $25,000 each, clear of expenses. This makes $125,000, to be equally divided between her and Mr. Barnum.

It is amusing to read the criticisms of the New York papers upon Jenny's singing. Every one knows that musical criticism is the most transcendental staff in the world—and the New Yorkers upon Jenny Lind, almost equal Miss Child upon Gin Sull. Occasionally the critics seem into direct absurdity, as follows. The critic of the Tribune noticing Jenny Lind's performance of a song by Meyerbeer, says that she "sings as she warbled in that music." The critic of the Courier, says "it came from her lips and into a new channel, as if the voice had found its sphere." The critic of the Tribune "from her singing drama a new life, after long misery of such passion-vessels as have become habitual rather than fresh inspirations to be delightful—he may almost say perfected—but yet endowment of the Holmes?" while the critic of the Courier is of the opinion that "though she may impart delight, and win admiration, with the majority of intelligent auditors, only when that breaks a void her voice can never fill." And the Herald, generally supposed to be a clever communication of individual emotion, from which the reserved Northerner instinctively shrinks."

The "Tribune," alluding to the profits of concerts, says that Jenny Lind is a humbug.

The proceeds of Tuesday evening's concert have been stated at $27,000. Last night, we believe, the receipts were under $20,000. Jenny Lind's share of this would be $15,000, or $3,000 more than the President's salary for four years. Query—is she worth it?

The following extract is on a subject of everyday interest:

SUBSTITUTION OF PLURALITY FOR UNITY.

The original use of pure, a Plural form, in Anglo-Saxon, is Purgelas, and rather means the scum from a deference to the person addressed, and the Latin Purgamentum, or that which is purged away, as representing where besides himself. Purgelas, in the Anglo-Saxon, is used in the singular one, is evident from the circumstance that the Anglo-Saxon Purgelas, in the plural, is used in the singular one, now set. It has not been a little to

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1840.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 46 Sorth Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Ball Books, Cards, Labels, &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

Congressional News.

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 17th, after the consideration of the question of business, the bill providing for the settlement of land titles in Oregon, and making donations of land to actual settlers, was taken up.

Mr. Yulee moved to strike out the section of the bill making donations of lands to actual settlers, which was rejected by yeas and nays—ayes 20, noes 24.

Before the question was taken on the amendment, Mr. Niles moved to strike out the clause proposed to be stricken out, by inserting a provision establishing the principle of graduation and cession.

The question was taken on Mr. Walker's proposition, and it was rejected; yeas 3, nays 41.

Messrs. Dayton, of Wisconsin, and Mr. Walker, voting in the affirmative.

The question then recurred on Mr. Yulee's motion to strike out so much of the bill as provides for donations of land to actual settlers in Oregon prior to the 4th of March, 1844, when the section to strike out was withdrawn.

Mr. Mason moved to strike out a provision extending the benefits of the future donation laws to persons who shall have taken the oath of allegiance to become citizens of the United States, when, after obtaining a patent—[yeas 20, nays 25.

Mr. Walker moved the addition of several sections, making a general distribution of the public lands to the several States—[yeas 20, nays 25—was rejected—yeas 3, nays 41. Messrs. Dodge, of Iowa, Sumner and Walker in the affirmative. The bill was then ordered to a third reading.

On the 18th, Mr. Mangum, from the committee on Commerce, reported a bill for the free navigation of the St. Lawrence River, and of all waters of lake navigation of trade with Canada.

Mr. Rusk, from the Post Office committee, (acting by resolution of the Senate to examine and report whether any, and what alterations of certain contracts for carrying the mail by sea between California and other countries are made,) reported, which was ordered to be printed.

Mr. Clay, pursuant to notice, asked leave to introduce a bill providing delivery in the cities of the United States.

Mr. Mangum opposed the bill. I hope leave will not be granted; there is none more thoroughly matured in the House, and it will be acted on and understood, and I trust the Senate will not enter discussions and do here against all further agitation, and leave existing evils to cure.

Mr. Clay—I hardly concur in what has been said by the Senator from Kentucky, and I shall not be by the motion he leaves on the table.

Mr. Calhoun, after a few words on a time quite unfavorable to the reporter, withdrew his motion for leave.

Mr. Pratt, pursuant to notice, moved that the Senate take up the bill to provide for the survey of an existing claim to range from the arrears of land warrants, in the District of Illinois.

Mr. Hale expressed the hope that the Senate would not go against another legislative practice, and that was, to legislate in favor of any particular claim. [Laughter.] They had just now, he said, passed a bill for the relief of a claim which has never been, and he trusted never will be, prosecuted by the Senate's refusing to ratify it. He [the Senator] was opposed to legislation in favor of claims.

Mr. Case thought the bill now presented a part of the system of commerce, as much as which the bill for the relief of the Fox River claim some might to come, and the object of the bill was to have a committee of the Senate to examine working.

The bill was then taken up and considered, as in Committee of the Whole.

The bill was then read, to be referred to the Committee on the District of Columbia, with instructions to report a bill providing for the appointment by the Governor, with the advice and consent of the Senate, of a board of commissioners, to consist of three persons, to be styled the Board of Commissioners of the Washington, relating to the affirmative, and 41 in the negative.

After further debate, the bill was postponed.

Mr. Hunter moved to go into the consideration of the bill to amend the existing acts relating to the Navy Department, which was agreed to.

After some debate, in the course of which it was suggested by Mr. Hunter that the bill could not be passed without the consideration of the bill to which it was an amendment,

The bill to create the office of Surveyor General of Oregon, and making assistant or deputy surveyors, was then taken up and considered as in Committee of the Whole.

Several amendments were reported by the Committee on Naval Affairs, which were agreed to.

Mr. Bayard moved an amendment, appropriating ten thousand dollars to be expended under the direction of the Secretary of the Navy, for the expenses of the synod at the Sublime Porte, which, after some debate, was rejected.

Mr. Hunter moved an amendment, appropriating two thousand dollars to be expended under the direction of the Secretary of the Navy, for the purchase of a piece of ground in the vicinity of the Navy Yard, at Washington, for the purpose of erecting a building thereon for the accommodation of the Observatory, which was agreed to.

Various minor amendments moved by the Committee on Naval Affairs were adopted.

Mr. Dickinson moved to strike out a proviso in the bill, prohibiting the payment of any officer of the Navy while detached from the service, which was agreed to.

Mr. Badger moved to strike out a proviso that no Senator shall receive constructive mileage, which, after debate, was rejected.

After the consideration and adoption of numerous other amendments, and the consideration of Executive business, the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 17th, the Senate bill, entitled an Act to revise and other States to reclaim swamp and other lands within their limits, was taken up and passed.

A bill granting the right of way through the public lands to a railroad from Springfield, Illinois, to Springfield, was taken up and passed.

Mr. Sawtelle moved to strike out a provision that no Senator shall receive constructive mileage, which, after debate, was rejected.

After the consideration and adoption of numerous other amendments, and the consideration of Executive business, the Senate adjourned.

On the 18th, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the Naval Appropriation Bill.

An amendment was adopted, requiring the Secretary of the Navy to give the preference to America when vessels are to be built, other things being equal, and to purchase in open market.

Mr. Hunter moved an amendment, appropriating to raise the wreck of the Spitfire steamer, lying in the harbor of Gibraltar, and it was rejected.

The clause appropriating $674,000 for the transportation of the United States mail between New York and Liverpool, between New York and New Orleans, Havana and Chagres, and between Havana and some point in Oregon Territory, was under consideration.

Mr. Sayly moved to strike out the proviso requiring the Secretary of the Navy to contract with such of said contracts as may not have been fully and satisfactorily performed according to the terms and stipulations thereof, and to insert in lieu thereof, that no purpose shall be made except in proposition to the mail service performed or intended to be performed. He was opposed to the mail contracts, but those in the line of steamers now in use. He would not go for further.

Mr. Johnson said that the contracts had not been made with Mr. Fox. The amendment of Mr. Sayly was to legislate those factions, and the people should not be the footballs of party attempts.

Mr. Sayly's amendment was adopted.

Mr. Stanly offered an amendment, namely, that the Secretary of the Navy be directed to cause the number of sailors whipped in one year to be reported.

Mr. Stanley offered an amendment, namely, cashiering three captains instead of six months, and the sentence is not carried into effect until the report of such sentence has been made to the Secretary of the Navy.

Mr. Johnson said that the contracts had not been made by Mr. Fox. The amendment of Mr. Sayly was to legislate those factions, and the people should not be the footballs of party attempts.

Mr. Sayly's amendment was adopted.

Mr. Stanly offered an amendment, namely, that the Secretary of the Navy be directed to report the number of sailors whipped in one year

Selected Poetry.

MISANTHROPIC HOURS.

BY M. P. WILLIS.

I sometimes feel that I could hate
All traces of mankind from earth—
As if 'twere wrong to blast them not,
They so degrade, so shame their birth.
To think the world were made so fair,
So beautiful and bright a thing,
That nature should create but one to wear
Such glorious appearing!
That city, sea, air, should live and glow
With light, and love, and holiness,
And yet man never part with woe!
How much a God of love can bless—
How deep their dark and undriven!

I've seen the sun go down, and light,
With floods of gold, the Western sky—
When every cone and flower grew bright,
And every pulse was beating high,
And the full forest was gaining love,
And ringing for its home shores—
And then, when music would soar, if ever,
To the high heaven of thought and joy—
When life's degrading cue should sever,
And the free spirit spurn control—
Then have I seen, all! how my cheek
Is burning with the shame I feel
That man is in the words I speak,
I've seen my fellow creatures steal
Away to their dark dwellings, and
As if the exercise of earth
Were all that their mind fled or share,
And glorious heavens were scarcely worth
Their passing notice or their care.

I've said I was a worshiper
At woman's shrine—yet even there,
I've found occasion of disdain,
And where I deemed I put God's angel
The radiance of that holy light
Which makes earth beautiful and bright—
When even of her fairest deeds,
And very line looked eloquent—
Oh, I have turned away in hate to find
Beneath it all, a trifling mind.

I was in one of those high halls,
Where genius loves to congregate alone,
Where shaded light in softness falls
On petrified beauty. There were gone
Those hearts of fire and heads of skill
Had wrought a world in new—but there sprung
To me in every lecture still
And fresh life-breathed, and dark eyes woke,
And crimson cheeks flushed glowing by
To the enchantment. I had been
And wept with Mary at the tree.
Were Jesus risen. I had felt
The warm blood rushing to my brow
At the mere thought of the time—
Had seen the Lord of glory bow,
And bleed to save a sinner lower
And I had wept. I thought that all
Man feel in those sad moments there came
A stronger, brighter and beautiful.
With step of grace, and eye of flame,
And tone and gesture, that bespeak
To make her presence eloquent—
Oh, then I looked for woman. We stood
Before the scene of Calvary
I saw the penitent publican—but found
The girl—the victim of agony—
Where was the spiritual type to prophet—
"Father, forgive them"—all was there
I turned, to interpret more
And spoken of Jesus: I had thought
Her carriage would ordain more
For woman's heart was ever fraught
With gracious influences. She gazed
A moment on it carelessly,
Then coldly turned back to the proud
The light of her eye unmoved,
The cheek was warm—and that was all.

Oh, what is woman—what her smiles—
Her lip of love—her eyes of light—
What is she, if her type revile
The lovely Jesus? Love may write
His name upon her marble brow,
May linger in her curls of jet—
The lightning flower may nestle how
Beneath her warp, and pet—and pet—
Without the inner grace she'd be
A lighter thing than vanity.

Pictures of Life.

HOW PEOPLE GET MARRIED IN FRANCE.

FROM THE NATIONAL ERA.

Where novels finish, I begin—for marriage, in the end of young ladies, is the beginning of society. In France, in the peculiar institution, the trifling point which first catches the eye of a foreigner. If there were not some such salient angle, I should be embarrassed where to commence these notes on Madame Calmyn Craigneat—the Englishman calls his lively neighbor, often few inscriptions on his pertained nation. With Johnny Bull, the reverse is true: one may always take him by the horns, or by any other part of his rugged coat.

French women are seen everywhere; they meet you at the custom-house when you land, receive you at the hotels, sell to you at the stores, and charge you always. Your first walk on arriving at Paris is to the famous promenade of the Boulevards, and thence to the Champs Elysee. What soft rakeries of speaking-eyed beauties meet the gaze! what a gentle rustling there is a-mile and mixture! The air, too, is rich with odors and redolent with the most delicate perfumes. The pavement is of fine, black, polished cubes of porphyr and waterest atlas. Reactions with complexions of every tint, from the cane-leaf hue of the Normandy girl to the rich brown of the daughters of the Provences, recline in great fat leagues on the velvet cushions of the omnibus and plot-ons that roll so imicrously along.

Do not fall into the error of supposing that any of these ladies are on the market. If they are, be sure they are not exposed as merchandise, but are only on the lookout for men who are so. It is a gross slander on French women to say that many and many a one is married to suit just the caterer; they buy the men—or their parents do it for them. A man will four daughters has just that number of chances to get a chaser for them. I knew a well-fed, amiable, soap-faced specimen of the better class of the bourgeoisie, who has four gals to marry. "Mon Dieu!" says he, stepping in his study, "how ever he rich enough to get husbands for them all?" He has been hard at work for many years accumulating money to give each of them a suitable dowry. For, in France, no dowry, no husband, is a proverb of a most practical character. Jeanne, the servant girl, is laying aside a part of her wages to form a dowry to be presented to her husband on the day of her marriage.

As the parents look to marriage as the means of securing their daughters from poverty, the girls are not permitted to mingle in society where an access of love might spoil all projections. A broad gulf lies between them and the world, and only to be passed on the bridge of matrimony. For the French girl, there are, at the opening of manhood, no flowery paths of sleighing fiction, no bear to walk with to church or to assignations. To her, courtship or flirting are names for unknown things. If she goes to a ball, it is under the watchful eye of her mother, or of some friend who keeps a sharp counter-look to the applications made to dance with her; but little sure to see the eagle's eye. She has no young acquaintances of the other sex. The probability is, that, since she reached her teens, she has never spoken to a young man, with the exception of her brothers and cousins.

Her heart is uneasy with rich affections, of which the one herself made an investment; her female siblings themselves to contract safety her. Some bright day, it may prove a dark one for her, an uncle or friend of the family comes to dinner, bringing with him a companion. The latter takes his seat next to the lady's chair, whispers flatteries in her ear, and strives to make himself vastly agreeable. The guests gone, we may imagine the mother asking her daughter how she fly to him, and asking her what she thinks of her new acquaintance: for all of a respectable family is a usual, enlisted with the amount of her dowry, and so willing to take her to wife. How acquaintance will ensue her a suitable establishment, and make happy the declining years of her parents. If the man is young and frightful, he can get nearly always contracts, without any misgivings of the future—for the fault inherent in Woman's nature refuses to believe that her husband can conquer the love she has so efficient she is prepared to bring him. She has no other love to acquaint, and the only one there is to love him. The short time before the marriage is filled with the dreams incident to that period of agitation, hope, and tumultuous fears. She has her betrothed two or three times in the presence of her parents, when perhaps a few minutes are all far enough off to permit the young couple to exchange a few words unheard by the ears of others, pass that she never sees him at all before the wedding day. In this connection, a conversation I had last year in one of the house of a provincial theatre, in the interval between a comedy and a tragedy, comes to me. Chance had placed me next a casual acquaintance, the charming wife of a learned professor.

"And so you like Paris very much?"

"A preference! I shall no doubt with yourself, madame, since you resided there a year or two, and were married there."

"Very true; but I have nothing of the place, for I was there as a convent school, who married on the day I left it, and came immediately to this city."

"But your husband! you did not get acquainted with him in the convent, certainly."

"Oh! no; I never saw him before the morning of our marriage, and heard of him for the first time only the day before."

Some of my readers may be scandalized at this summary way of disposing of a young lady's hand and heart, and may be ready to predict all sorts of domestic discords as the inevitable consequence. Not so fast, ancient spectators of the court of American Cupid; you exaggerate greatly the evils of the French practice. The parties in the marriage are not always strangers, one of many couple whom I have known to be most happy in their domestic relations, it can far from thinking the mode of bargain and sale of husbands the best one, but the purity and truth of woman's nature redeem many of its faults. A varied observation of several years has convinced me that the prevailing impression in America, of the want of conjugal fidelity in France, is entirely false, as it regards the higher and middle classes of the bourgeoisie, who ought to be greatly modified as it regards the ancient nobility. Some of the proposed ones I have visited have been dedicated to the household gods of Lucretia which date from the Crusades. The licentiousness of the aristocratic and royalist France of the last century—of those days when the royal palace was the focal point in France, and the King's minutest veiled procedures in his misconduct—are passed away. Conjugal infidelity is now chiefly confined to the rich of large cities, corrupted by opportunity and by example. Even there, it is not the universal habit.

But the French system of match-making has its inconveniences. Sometimes the gentleman proposed to declines accepting, which we can imagine must be sometimes particularly disagreeable. C——, a bustling little civil functionary in a small way, and entitled in my acquaintance by passing on the back stairs more than three times a day, came tripping into my room one morning, rubbing his hands, and looking either signs of a departure from his usual quiet mood of mind. "Chance," said he, "has put me in the way with me to the church St. Sulpice. I have just received a proposition, dowry 25,000 francs; but I wouldn't accept, with a contribution to the poor, in all arranged that I am to meet her as she goes into church with her aunt and sister.

An engagement at the time presented my willnessing this singular mode of bargain and sale of a young lady, but C—— told me afterwards that she was not quite so pretty as he had expected, and that he regretted the rejection when her friends would add 10,000 francs to the dowry.

One of my friends, a young man of a highly intellectual appearance, was waited on not long since by a gentleman of much-misery, with a proposition of marriage from a lady whom he had met once at an evening party, and then seen at the church. Her parents, though, was wanting to make the offer a good one; the attentions were, a dowry of 100,000 francs, expectations from a rich aunt, a rich apartment in her own house, and the use of a carriage whenever influence in the political world is very considerable. I do not know how my countryman replied to the brilliant that history brought to bear on him, but he did so, and declined to be wooed and won in a manner so unknown to the customs of his native land. Dressed as it, I have avoided him recently for his want of gallantry in giving a lady the mutton.

But a gentleman is not forced to wait until he is asked; nor is he forced to go through a long courtship before popping the question. Indeed, he may do so without any introduction at all, and on one thinks him at all eccentric. This mode has also its inconveniences. We will suppose a gentleman of fortune, who is in the habit of visiting a family where there is a young lady at church, meet her in the street, or get a glimpse of her as she whirls round in a carriage; her appearance pleases you, and you send a friend at her earliest to present your offer. Come to the father, and convince him that the alliance is a fair one, and the thing is done in the shortest time. If you are old enough to be her father, so much the worse for the young lady, but you have not to complain. In America, she would repulse you as a horrid old fellow, with her much wig and action to a living; but here, in France she accepts you with your establishment.

Professional match-makers do a good business at Paris. Their knowledge of eligible young men, and, consequently, of eligible young ladies, is an extensive and accurate, that their services are frequently called for, though secretly, by the best families, for to consult them is to make the greatest secret.

Whatever we may think of the policy of having professional aid in finding a mate, we can not but admire the delicacy with which many of these affairs are conducted. Take, for instance, the case of a young gentleman, of fortune, but of no family, who has a desire to marry. He calls on a friend, and informs him that he has seen a young lady at church, and that he would like to be introduced to her family. The friend, who is a professional match-maker, knows the whole history of the young lady, her fortune, her character, her temper, her faults, and her accomplishments of the fair one, believed that the gentleman would be a good match for her. But they state briefly the age of the lady, her fortune, and the character of her family, and the friend will give, and direct applicants to call on Mendame Calmyn Craigneat, who will be happy to entertain the propose custom piece of letters in which a young lady in the prime; and her dowry the same, being stated with precision, exercises the privileges of relating the winner, and the gentleman is introduced to the young lady.

From the lights at present before us," we shall proceed to give the whole history prom in the ring the thing into the ground.

Suppose the match agreed on by all the parties concerned, and the day of the wedding arrives. For a foreigner, this bridge is made as high and dry-looking as possible. The most sensible person is pure his birth, for the French never take it for granted that they have been born, and, on all occasions, a certificate to that effect; his age, identity, nationality, celibacy, and, in case he is a widower, the death of his former wife, are all carefully examined, and the same examination is made of the bride. If she is of age, and has attained her majority, or if she has been emancipated, for if she has not, the marriage is void. Yet, by fair conjugation, she can not marry before she is twenty-one years in them, in natives of many States, for they not have been married with all the formalities of a marriage in the land of their birth, are published in the parish of your husband, you are to be Wife in the eye of the law, and your children cannot inherit through the father, and you have not the marriage certificate. Should it be, said we, on occasions, a certificate to that effect; his age, identity, nationality, celibacy, and, in case he is a widower, the death of his former wife, are all carefully examined, and the same examination is made of the bride. If she is of age, and has attained her majority, or if she has been emancipated, for if she has not, the marriage is void. Yet, by fair conjugation, she can not marry before she is twenty-one years in them, in natives of many States, for they not have been married with all the formalities of a marriage in the land of their birth, are published in the parish of your husband, you are to be Wife in the eye of the law, and your children cannot inherit through the father, and you have not the marriage certificate. Should it be, said we accordingly, to the rigors of the ceremonial police unless to marry you ever again. It is not well to tell you of the fuss and feathers of the bride, but my pen slipped sadenly into it spontaneously. And the bride? Why, she is married, and her will tell you that a Frenchman can be married without the least of the ceremonies or the formalities of each, and circumstances himself of all his wives and families by returning to his native land.

But romance is one mansion, that is to the bridegroom, and the bride, and the parties to the marriage are not to be got through with in a hurry. Let us suppose the day of the wedding for a friend as a "witness." It is a rare thing to have gentlemen or businessmen, but each party can get a friend to act for him, and the witnesses will receive their name from the number of papers they have to sign. Two of each are necessary, and appointed for the ceremony at the mayoralty, and two more for the church. The witnesses are the outer door, another salooned up the front stairs, a third into the large saloon where the company are to assemble, and a fourth in the marquee, scribbling at a desk, asked us to be seated in another velvet cushioned apartment, and there, chatting, he and we, for we had become quite friendly by the time the last arrived, and he soon other mysterious documents connected with the marriage. There was a great bustle of them on the stairs, and the bride and her aunt went back to the cushioned seats, and waited with the patience of a martyr. The bridegroom gradually with other bride parties, until there was a perfect jam of carriages and company. At last, after two hours' waiting, his honor took his seat, called our party to the platform before him, and, after a few questions, which we answered, and declared ourselves satisfied, with the exception of the last one, which was uttered in a whisper, and then every one in the room could hear—"Monsieur, are you forget the poor, if you please?" He knew how to manage, and the fee was given. Let the husband look to the wife's portion—he is the contribution-box. In the circumstances there was nothing left for us but to go, and, as we did so, we bled well.

From the mayoralty, we drove full speed, for no honor had kept us dancing attendance a long time, to the Catholic church of Notre Dame de Lorette, where we found the bridegroom and bride just after the patten maid of the Italian town of Loretto. We soon met at the door of the church, looking, well-breathed, dapper gentlemen, in full dress costume. We pushed into the nave, with enormous gold buckles. His fee they had given us, and we bled well.

The ceremony, second with cost, came to me saying as unceremoniously as if he had been hiring a coach for a summer's journey. "He's real enough, I'll be bound," said I, "and was never seen before." I walked two or three paces toward the door, and, my curiosity getting the better of my indolence, I went out partly to the platform before him, and waited to see the bridegroom. He was a mediocre-looking, well-formed, dapper gentleman, of about thirty-five. He pushed back, and, with considerable self-confidence, he first to get in, and, as he entered the church, he looked at me with a smile, which I thought was intended for me, and I returned it with a bow. I was mistaken in an under tone: "It's not the first time I've seen that gentleman, I'll tell a pull at my elbow, and, looking round, saw my magnificent acquaintance in her own house, and the aunt, the uncle, whose influence in the political world is very considerable. I do not know how my countryman excited the withstand that history brought to bear on him, but he did so, and declined to be wooed and won in a manner unknown to the customs of his native land. Dressed as it, I have avoided him recently for his want of gallantry in giving a lady the mutton.

But a gentleman is not forced to wait until he is asked; nor is he forced to go through a long courtship before popping the question. Indeed, he may do so without any introduction at all, and on one thinks him at all eccentric. This mode has also its inconveniences. We will suppose a gentleman of fortune, who is in the habit of visiting a family where there is a young lady at church, meet her in the street, or get a glimpse of her as she whirls round in a carriage; her appearance pleases you, and you send a friend at her earliest to present your offer. Come to the father, and convince him that the alliance is a fair one, and the thing is done in the shortest time. If you are old enough to be her father, so much the worse for the young lady, but you have not to complain. In America, she would repulse you as a horrid old fellow, with her much wig and action to a living; but here, in France she accepts you with your establishment.

Professional match-makers do a good business at Paris. Their knowledge of eligible young men, and, consequently, of eligible young ladies, is an extensive and accurate, that their services are frequently called for, though secretly, by the best families, for to consult them is to make the greatest secret.

Whatever we may think of the policy of having professional aid in finding a mate, we can not but admire the delicacy with which many of these affairs are conducted. Take, for instance, the case of a young gentleman, of fortune, but of no family, who has a desire to marry. He calls on a friend, and informs him that he has seen a young lady at church, and that he would like to be introduced to her family. The friend, who is a professional match-maker, knows the whole history of the young lady, her fortune, her character, her temper, her faults, and her accomplishments of the fair one, believed that the gentleman would be a good match for her. But they state briefly the age of the lady, her fortune, and the character of her family, and the friend will give, and direct applicants to call on Mendame Calmyn Craigneat, who will be happy to entertain the papers custom piece of letters in which a young lady in the prime; and her dowry the same, being stated with precision, exercises the privileges of relating the winner, and the gentleman is introduced to the young lady.

From the lights at present before us," we shall proceed to give the whole history prom in the ring the thing into the ground.

Suppose the match agreed on by all the parties concerned, and the day of the wedding arrives. For a foreigner, this bridge is made as high and dry-looking as possible. The most sensible person is pure his birth, for the French never take it for granted that they have been born, and, on all occasions, a certificate to that effect; his age, identity, nationality, celibacy, and, in case he is a widower, the death of his former wife, are all carefully examined, and the same examination is made of the bride. If she is of age, and has attained her majority, or if she has been emancipated, for if she has not, the marriage is void. Yet, by fair conjugation, she can not marry before she is twenty-one years in them, in natives of many States, for they not have been married with all the formalities of a marriage in the land of their birth, are published in the parish of your husband, you are to be Wife in the eye of the law, and your children cannot inherit through the father, and you have not the marriage certificate. Should it be, said we accordingly, to the rigors of the ceremonial police unless to marry you ever again. It is not well to tell you of the fuss and feathers of the bride, but my pen slipped sadenly into it spontaneously. And the bride? Why, she is married, and her will tell you that a Frenchman can be married without the least of the ceremonies or the formalities of each, and circumstances himself of all his wives and families by returning to his native land.

But romance is one mansion, that is to the bridegroom, and the bride, and the parties to the marriage are not to be got through with